

Wet by givupdafunk

Category: Stranger Things - Fandom

Genre: F/M, Horny Teenagers, Smuff, Smut, fluffy jancy smut, sex in public, sex positivity, things that go bump in the night - Freeform

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Jonathan's Galaxie, Minor Hopper and Jopper families, Nancy Wheeler, Sleep Boner

Relationships: Jancy - Relationship, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-07-08

Updated: 2018-07-08

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:08:43

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,085

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Ch. 1 - fluffy, horny Jancy making corny high school memories all over Hawkins, but eventually get caught in the back of the Galaxie. Bonus Jopper family bonding. Aw.

Ch. 2 - Hornier Jancy (includes *things that go 'bump' in the night)

* where "things..." = Jonathan's sleep boner

1. Chapter 1

Nancy's sitting in her History class thinking about Jonathan's dick. The more time they spend together, she's starting to have more and more trouble concentrating on anything else. And she's super horny. All of the time. You could suppose it's normal for a girl her age, but either way, she thinks it's because her boyfriend Jonathan is just extremely sexy. And she's more than a little fixated with his cock. It's size, shape, warmth, girth, taste... and the way it... what's the word... operates. She's spent many an afternoon between his splayed legs sucking and licking until he can barely talk and then mounting him and riding the ever loving fuck out of his strong cock. They love trying to drive each other crazier and crazier.

That means they both also try really hard not to masturbate without each other. However, lately that's been harder and harder for Nancy. One time she even had to get the hall pass for the bathroom, so she could relieve herself of her hot thoughts of her boyfriend in a bathroom stall in order to return to class less sex crazed and hopefully, learn something.

Jonathan is just one hell of a friend and lover. He's quietly handsome and kind with soft brown eyes and hair. His shy dimples hint at his depths and passion. Just when she feels satiated and spent, he does something to make her want him more, like bring her breakfast in bed, and tell her she's his best friend; even though she knows his best friend is really his brother Will, she's learned to see the real meaning behind his scarcity of words. If it's possible to have two dimensions, it's possible to have two best friends. Speaking of, Nancy thinks the only way Jonathan's dick could be any more perfect is if there were two of them.

She's never been this sexually charged up before in her life. What's great is that he's also super ready all of the time. It doesn't take much for him to be pulling off the road somewhere finding the first shady spot, while she shimmies out of her panties. She wears a lot of skirts and dresses these days.

Jonathan loves that Nancy is so sexually expressive. He's learned that she finds rainstorms and trains erotic, and responds to that urge

whenever possible. She loves the sound of heavy rain landing hard on the metal car roof, especially when Jonathan has his mouth buried between her legs, sucking and finger fucking her deliriously as lightening and thunder crack overhead. She also loves the sound of the whistle of an approaching train. Once when they were out by a train bridge, he fucked her up against one of the beams while a train rattled by at full speed, shaking everything around them. The vibration was intense. It was so loud they couldn't hear their orgasms, but neither one will forget the look on their faces.

She likes to think that when they're old and grey they'll have plenty of warm memories from their senior year of high school in Indiana. She believes that until her dying day, whenever she sees a perfect little shady spot at the end of a dirt road or a 70's American muscle car, she'll get a tiny bit aroused, especially for a '71 Ford LTD Galaxie 500. His Galaxie is always available for them, and they are quickly getting familiar with their favorite spots where they can be uninterrupted in his roomy land yacht.

In fact, they've only been caught once, so far. There's an old abandoned gas station not far from the high school where they'd slipped away and parked out back - where they thought no one could see. Just as Nancy put Jonathan on his back, yanked down his pants and sucked and mounted his throbbing cock, she heard car tires on the gravel on the side of the building. However, she was too turned on by finally getting him inside of her that she didn't stop... only ducked...

"Shit..." she clenches her slit tight around his cock, sliding slow, face aroused, watching his eyes flicker.

"Are we busted?" He caresses her bare ass-cheeks, then drags his nails down her swayed back, eye fucking her with those hot eyes.

"I think so..." she giggles but then continues to slow grind on his cock and kiss him, as he grabs a shirt to throw over the exposed bits not covered by her short dress. She feels so good it would be torture to stop if they don't need to.

They hear a vehicle pull up somewhere back behind them and stop. The engine stops as a door opens and closes with a heavy slam. Hard footfalls start in their direction but Jonathan recognizes the door squeak just before the slam; he's heard it outside his house enough times lately to know they aren't in danger.

"It's Hopper," he whispers, to quell the slightly worried look developing in Nancy's eyes. He hates to see her even slightly upset, but she seems to be keeping her cool. He fucks up into her a couple of times watching her face react. She falls on him thrusting her tongue deep into his mouth. They simply cannot stop.

They hear the footsteps end just at the beginning of the back bumper, then the car moves indicating someone large just sat down on the trunk. They lock eyes, trying not to laugh.

"So I'm not going to come any closer because I have no more desire to see what I'm pretty sure I'll find back there, than you have for me to see it." Hopper's a pretty smart guy. "So here's what's going to happen," they hear a lighter ignite and the sound of Hopper inhaling and exhaling off of a fresh cigarette. During which time, Jonathan grabs Nancy's ass and grinds her down on his cock, watching her eyes roll back in her head trying not to make any noise. She grinds devilishly back as his face turns red and he bites his lip, tipping his head back against the seat.

"I'm going to leave and be back this way in ten minutes, and Jonathan, you're going to take Nancy to school. So when I come back this way you won't be here and I'll never find you here, or anywhere, in this situation, ever again. And if I do, I'll be forced to tell your parents, so what I'm really saying is: Get. Better. At. Hiding. From me. I do not want to ever have to have that conversation. Now, do you understand?" He turns back to see two sheepish hands raising and giving a thumbs up in the back window, as well as hears familiar giggles.

"Ok then." Hopper pushes off the trunk smirking and leaves. Before he's even started his car they are back kissing into each other's mouths. The interruption leaves her pussy even wetter and intensely titillated. They hate to rush but they meet the 10 minute challenge and pull back into the high school parking lot just before Hopper

passes them saluting, and trying to appear stern and not smirk.

Truth is Hopper's happy for those kids, especially Jonathan. He knows the burdens he's had to skillfully shoulder at such a young age. He's happy to see him just being a teenager and Nancy too. He could see by the way their thumbs came up that she was on top. Good for her. He thinks Nancy's a great kid too. Plus, now that Joyce is giving him another chance, he thinks it's a good idea to stay on her sons' good sides, and that includes her testy teenage son's girlfriend. Since Hopper has twice helped save Will's life, he's found it easiest to bond with Will.

However, Hopper has started to feel something parental and protective towards both of Joyce's boys. He could be wrong, but it seems like Jonathan has started to warm up to him, because Hopper has shown him respect and acknowledged Jonathan's role in the Byers family. He's also let him in on some secrets helping them build trust.

So, after catching them that time, the next opportunity Hopper has for a minute alone with Jonathan while everyone else is in the kitchen, he just blurts it out.

"Hey. Tell me you're at least being safe... just... ok... I'll take that eye roll and glare as a 'yes'. Good. Hmm. Alright, this never happened but if you'd pulled forward another six feet I would've never seen you from the road. Trees block the other side. If you need to know other spots let me know. Hell, I was a professional in this town at..." He starts to chuckle knowingly, but notices the incredulous look on Jonathan's face. He has zero interest in knowing anything about his mom's lover's backseat love life. Hopper clears his throat, "... yah, well you get it. Okay. Good talk." Hopper rarely gets this kind of uncomfortable. He's learning that Jonathan doesn't say much so you have to watch his face, and when he does talk, listen.

"Thanks, Hop. And thanks for not saying anything. To our parents." The two share a nod and small smile as the rest of the gang returns. Nancy settles in on his lap in the armchair, while El and Will settle on the couch with his mom and Hopper for family movie night. Jonathan has never experienced this kind of stability so it will take time. He's grown comfortable having El and Hopper around, and

seeing his mom happy. She leans on Hopper a lot.

He fights the urge to assume that it won't last, simply because it never has. He fights those fears with Nancy, too. He's never really seen a happy relationship, but he knows he's made more happy memories with her in the short time they've been together than he ever thought possible. At any rate, Hopper just won some points with Jonathan; surely he understands that they can't help wanting to fuck all of the time when they are so in love.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

The chapter in which we learn that Jonathan is never too tired for horny Nancy.

Tonight, Jonathan is very tired. Nancy is spending the night, though. It's been a couple of days since they were able to be alone, so he strips bare, but as soon as his head hits the pillow, he's pretty much asleep on his belly. He barely hears Nancy return from the bathroom and shut off the lights before snuggling in beside him. He knows she must be horny because she tries kissing him and placing his hand between her thighs. She's also completely naked. He attempts to rally but the pillow feels so good and his body is already half asleep, including the part she wants most.

"Aww, are you sleepy?" She kisses into his ear.

"Mmmm, yes. I'm sorry, Nance," he mumbles half into the pillow. "I promise to fuck the hell out of you in the morning."

"Oh goodie," she thinks he looks so innocent and peaceful. "Sweet dreams then. I'll just be here trying not to touch myself while I think of your cock." She tries half-heartedly one last time, stroking his hair sweetly.

"Hmmm, you can touch me while I sleep if you want." He murmurs with a sleepy chuckle.

"Hmm I just might." She jokes. "Here, at least snuggle me." She prods at his arm. He responds by grabbing her and rolling up onto his side to spoon her in close kissing her neck without opening his eyes. She melts into his warm arms, and kisses his hand before landing it lightly on her breast. He's already breathing heavy and restful again. She can hear him falling asleep as the breaths deepen, and his arm grows heavier. He tucks his knees up into hers, her backside melted into his front. She's always loved the feel of his sleep breaths on the back of her head. She feels so protective when he's this vulnerable.

She's not very tired, but after about ten minutes she's slowly starting to drift off to sleep. She feels a slight tickle on the back of her upper thigh. Lifting her leg to brush away whatever may be there she feels the same tickle on her ass cheek. Reaching down she feels further movement. Jonathan's cock is slowly growing hard, pushing up in the valley of her ass cheeks in a delicious way. His hand is also very lightly squeezing her breast.

"I thought you were asleep..." she purrs, gently sliding her ass on his nearly fully engorged shaft.

His breath quickens but he doesn't respond.

"Jonathan... Jonathan." She whispers, but his breaths still sound very much like he's asleep. "Jonathan?" She turns her head to look back at him. He is asleep. Then she gets it. She's heard that guys get boners in their sleep, sometimes even having wet dreams where they orgasm. She's excited, but doesn't know what to do, and she doesn't want to startle him so she just lets him lead.

His hips are slowly grinding his cock into her back and his hand is now kneading soft, mindless grips on her hip. Even his touch feels asleep, more primitive. She wonders what naughty images and thoughts are in his head right now. She wonders what he sees when he feels her reach between her legs to fondle his balls, gently tickling his tightening sack, and tracing light fingers on the flesh just below. His breath hitches and shudders.

Her other hand can't resist and goes straight to her wet pussy, lifting her leg further to work her clit, before shoving two fingers in, then three. He inhales very deep and then moans lightly on his exhale. He's turning her on so much and he's not even awake to see it. Her hand works at her clit as she gently rolls her hips back against him, before plunging her fingers back deep inside past her swollen lips. He inhales deeply again and she wonders what he can sense, if he can hear her, feel her fucking herself, if he can sense her arousal on a primal level.

His thrusts are getting firmer and more direct. His hand is gripping at her hip, tipping her ass back. She lets him guide her. He shifts his hips just enough to redirect his rock hard cock from sliding up her

back to sliding towards her front. She guides his dick gently along her drenched lips, closing her thighs to hold him there. He thrusts more purposefully. His breathing is becoming more like rhythmic panting, like a steam train picking up momentum.

She can't help but moan, hoping that he won't make her wait much longer. As hot as this is to know he's asleep, she's also hoping he'll wake up so she can share this amazing moment with him. He doesn't even have to be conscious to drive her wild.

"Jonathan..." she quietly whimpers. "Please, please..."

His sleepy hand has lowered from her hip to glide into the soft curls at her mound, his pants picking up steam. She lifts her thigh to let him in. He strokes his cock with a groan and pushes the tip onto her clit, continuing to thrust along the opening of her slick, quivering pussy.

She's still pleading and pulling at her nipples now, raising her leg further to invite him in as he pauses. Pulling back, he presses lightly on her pubic bone to tip her hips back enough, her back sways in anticipation. When he pushes back forward he fills her deep in one smooth stroke. She groans, full at last. His teeth softly scrape down the back of her neck with a light grunt.

"Nancy..." he growls into her shoulder. The deep, wild tone in his sleep talk voice makes her gasp. "Mmmm, Nancy..." he continues. His voice is impossibly hot. He quickly gains momentum, hand gripping her hip, fucking into her spread haunches. He rolls over mostly on top of her, his mouth panting wildly on her shoulder. She spreads her legs and lifts her ass higher, tipping her hips, swaying her back, doing anything to accommodate him as long as he doesn't stop pounding her like a fucking locomotive.

She's able to snake a hand underneath herself to tease her clit; it's all she needs and she's screaming her orgasm into the pillow, driving her hips back against him. He must've felt that as his thrusts go deeper and harder before he's yelling into her ear, coming hard.

So hard he wakes himself. "Whoa!!! Ohmahgawd!!! What?? What's happening?" He grabs her around the waist, still thrusting through

his orgasm. He's half deranged, caught between his confusion upon waking to find himself balls deep and coming in Nancy, and the unquenchable need to just ride his orgasm, pull her warm skin closer and squeeze her lovingly and not worry about those details.

"Shhh!!.." she tries to calm him, reaching a hand back to stroke her hand through his hair.

There's a knock on the wall and his mother's voice. "Everything ok in there?" That finally quiets him down.

"Oops..." He says sleepily, kissing Nancy's shoulder, and rolling back to his side, pulling her in close. He's still writhing in the aftershocks of his intense, unique orgasm.

"Yes, fine, sorry!!" Nancy yells. "Jonathan's having a... dream! Sorry!" She's still breathing heavy, post orgasmic, aware of the sensation of his warm cum deep inside her, as he pulls out, blowing cool breath on her neck.

He continues kissing her shoulder, and yawning.

"Was that a dream?" He says mischievously.

"Well, kinda... not really..." and she turns onto her back and starts to explain, watching him blush at spots, ending with "...so what were you dreaming about? You were making me so hot..." she begins to nuzzle into his neck again "... your brain is so fucking sexy..."

"Mmmm you're... everything... is so fucking sexy. You know I was thinking of you. Best wet dream ever. We were fucking on a train."

She snickers.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing." She says convincingly, she's too satiated and sleepy to get into that now, and so is he. She turns back to her side, pushing back into his comforting warmth.

He drapes one arm across her body, kissing the back of her neck. "Definitely want to talk more about this... in the morning." He's

starting to drift off to sleep, and so is she.

“Agree, but don’t forget - You still promised to fuck me in the morning.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

He does.

Notes for the Chapter:

This is another one that went somewhere unexpected, but was pretty fun to write. These two just deserve all of the sex. Hope you enjoyed.